ML60
.T8

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND 21727
3 0852 00081963 9

Meanings of Music

Florence Traill

Autograph of
Florence Trail

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/meaningsofmusic0000flor

MEANINGS OF MUSIC

BY

FLORENCE TRAILL

"My Journal in Foreign Lands"; "Studies in Criticism"; "Under the Second Renaissance"; "A History of Italian Literature"; "History and Democracy"

BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY FLORENCE TRAILL

All Rights Reserved

Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO MY SISTER,

ANNA M. HARDING,

IN RECOGNITION OF HER
ACCOMPLISHMENTS AS A MUSICIAN
AND OF HER SERVICES TO MUSIC

JUST A WORD

Five of the following papers were given as Talks before the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore. The paper on the Musical Affinities of Italian Verse, which under ordinary circumstances would not be offered to the general public, was especially enjoyed by this Club, nearly all of whose members have been to Italy and have some familiarity with the Italian language. It stands therefore as a memorial of the culture of my audience as well as of my work for the Club.

One of the papers I took with me to Europe, and had it criticized by a pupil of Leschetizky. It is on the ground of this double encouragement that I now present the collection to music-lovers, students and educators, trusting that the time may come when our Government will make an appropriation for Music Schools throughout the length and breadth of the land, so that, where there are now three or four there may be thousands upon thousands who can study and enjoy the glorious compositions which wing the thoughts and elevate the soul.

Frederick, Md.,
January, 1918.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Music in a Psychological Light . . .	11
The Harmony of Theme and Form in Works of the Great Masters. A Rumination	24
The Musical Affinities of Italian Verse	36
The Purposes of Music	45
Grillparzer and Purcell	60
The Resources of the Music-Lover . .	76

MEANINGS OF MUSIC

MUSIC IN A PSYCHOLOGICAL LIGHT

MUSIC'S rank as a Science, place among the Fine Arts, value as an educational factor, relations to moral, social and religious life must all be determined by Psychology.

Other branches of human inquiry give us knowledge; Psychology alone reveals the process of knowing. Many forms of subjective excitement elicit feeling; Psychology examines the fountain of feeling.

Concretely and formally, Psychology discusses Music under the head of the Æsthetic Feelings. But at the outset we are confronted by terms which lead us into abstract speculation. For we find that Music can only be apprehended by those who have either sensibility or taste, taste standing toward sensibility as learning stands toward genius. Sensibility and genius are native powers, taste and learning are cultivated products. Now as the word taste in its primary meaning carries us back to the lowest form of the lowest class of feelings, and no one can dispute its reality, we cannot fail to perceive a profound significance in its application to the highest

form of the highest class of feelings. In a word, if physical taste demonstrates the reality of sensuous discrimination, no less clearly does intellectual taste prove the existence of æsthetic discrimination.

It is evident, then, that Music as a Science does not address itself to the uncultivated. As the co-ordination of a group of facts, as the development and unification of specific ideas, as occupying an important place in the systematization of all knowledge, Music as a Science has scarcely an existence. To the mass of men it is not a subject to be taken seriously. Among the illiterate, composers and conscientious interpreters of music do not command a respect much more genuine than that which is accorded circus-riders.

Even the mathematical value of Music is unknown to educators; and ignorance boasts of banishing this magnificent science from the curriculum of Women's Colleges. And all this because by the uneducated masses Music as a science is derided and despised.

But Psychology not only offers this negative explanation of the depreciation of Music as a science; it accounts for it, in discovering that the appreciation of music as rhythm is common to the race. Memory is time perception; dancing as the poetry of motion is more natural than walking; Poetry itself, as of all the Fine Arts the first to reach a

high form of development, not only possesses rhyme and assonance, but melody and tonicity. The ordinary individual, therefore, takes musical expression for granted, something to be enjoyed, not studied. He regards Music as an Art, not as a Science; and as all feeling must express itself, he regards the greatest artist simply as an interpreter of his own emotion.

Music is indeed an Art, and a true Psychology places it above Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry. These four lower arts cling to the material element and to sensuous detail. Architecture may imitate the interlacings of the primeval forest; Music imitates the cry of the human soul. Sculpture may idealize the body as the seat of human passions; Music voices the passions themselves. Painting may represent specific deeds and impersonations, and Poetry expatiate upon both acts and idealities; Music is the expression of objectless, limitless desires. Music alone has no correspondence with actual existences. No other art touches upon the infinite. In proportion to the material used, the results of musical composition transcend human comprehension. That out of the combinations and recombinations of only seven tones man can lay hold upon the infinite is a fact which no human ingenuity can ever explain. The reason Music has never been dissociated from religious worship is

found primarily in this,—its mysterious hold upon infinity, and secondarily in the fact that religion alone is able to call forth the sublimest efforts of this grandest proof of human greatness. Judged by musical standards, Bach's Passion Music, Haydn's "Creation," Händel's "Messiah," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mozart's glorious Masses rank far above all music inspired by secular themes.

In view of these actual additions to the world's riches, we see that every true Art must be founded upon a true Science. It is a crying shame that these mighty compositions can so seldom be set before the world as Art because so few understand Music as a Science. All depreciation of the intellectual value of musical study is an appeal from knowledge to prejudice, from judgment to sentiment, from education to ignorance. When we enjoy the charming result in Art, we are not to forget, as Mr. Hamerton so ably puts it, that "drudgery of the most wearisome description" has produced it.

To the thoughtful mind Music both as a Science and an Art has a most important rôle to play in general education. Professor Dewey says the hearing of music is found to be the best condition of intellectual action, for music contains the two factors which alone can call forth Knowledge,—the recurrent and the novel, the one satisfying the mind, the

other stimulating it.

We know that the love of the Beautiful is disinterested and noble in its very nature, because while a beautiful object may be owned by an individual, the beauty itself can never be his exclusive possession.

And is it not doubtful whether he can be said to enjoy the beauty if he wishes no one to share it with him? This love is the characteristic of frank, free, brave, ardent, generous souls. The poets, whom Sir James Mackintosh deemed the most unexceptionable of all witnesses as to the fundamental principles of life,—the poets, we must remember, pay unceasing tribute to the love of Music. The fable of Orpheus was cherished by the gifted Greeks. And an early Italian poet chose this theme for a tragedy, which in time proved to be the germ of the Pastoral Play and the Opera. Here Orpheus is depicted singing his way into the Inferno with exquisite lamentations, while Pluto exclaims:

"Who is this that with the golden zithern
Now the gate immovable has moved,
So that to the *dead* his ills are proved?
Neither Sisyphus the rock
To the lofty mountain steers,
Nor from Tantalus the water now flows back,
Nor Tityus now groans and swears;

Ixion's wheel is still;
E'en the Danäids lack
The strength their urns to fill.
The spirits silence their lament,
So are they on the song intent."

Among the innumerable personalities which have once arrested Dante's attention, he does not fail to remember Casella, a humble Florentine musician. Meeting him at the entrance of Purgatory, that is, (symbolically) recalling him as he is about to tread the painful path of expiation, Dante embraces him and says:

"If customs new have not tak'n from thee
Memory or skill in those sweet songs
Which once were wont to quiet all my fears,
May it please thee to console somewhat
My weary soul, which, with the body,
Coming here, is greatly saddened."

. . . . . .

'Then he commenced so sweetly,
That the sweetness yet sounds in me."

Voltaire is at his best when he writes:

"Blest is the man who while his life is ebbing low,
A lover of the Arts, still reaps the joys they bring.

With these he soothes his cares and braves his
bitt'rest foe,
Can pardon human souls, laugh at their foolish ire,
And with his dying hand strike once again his
lyre."

Milton openly emulates Dante in his sonnet to Henry Lawes; but who has ever excelled *him* in praising the divine offices of music? now

"Lapping in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;"

and anon,

"In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

The importance of the study of Music was divined by those keen metaphysicians, Plato and Aristotle, who, differing in many other things, equally insisted on having Music in the ideal school curriculum.

And they claimed Pythagoras as their authority in this matter,—Pythagoras, who of all the philosophers of antiquity alone propounded the transcendently beautiful theory of the harmony of the spheres as the soul of the universe, and by unifying the mighty sciences of Astronomy and Music paved the way for the grand modern conception of the unification of all knowledge. Seneca, Philo, and then St. Augustine lent the weight of their advocacy to the study of Music, a treatise "On Music" from the last named being still extant. The education of the Middle Ages embraced the Trivium, consisting of Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic, the lingual and literary sciences; and the Quadrivium, consisting of the four mathematical sciences of Arithmetic, Music, Geometry and Astronomy. Sir John Lubbock in setting forth the desiderata of an all-round education often changes the order or the form of his studies, but it is a noticeable thing that he never omits music from any of his lists.

But why bandy words about a disgraceful dislike for a noble Art? Why not speak out boldly and say, Music not only admits its votaries into the enchanting realm of the Beautiful and provides them with the inflexion that is necessary for the pronunciation of the "open sesame," but it is the sole accomplishment that confers social power and brings present and immediate homage, thereby exciting a

jealousy that is "cruel as the grave!"

In purely intellectual and æsthetic value, however, the claims of Music have never been disputed by the initiated. In this circle it is only in its relation to morality that we touch upon debatable ground and undertake to analyze subtleties which elude us. Here Psychology shows us the separation of the Useful and the Beautiful. Music may indeed have a powerful indirect influence on morality, but it offers no prescriptions for making men honest, truthful, pure or temperate. Every stage of intellectual activity is accompanied by appropriate feelings, which prompt to appropriate actions. Hence æsthetic feelings can only prompt to æsthetic actions.

It is the hardest thing in the world to realize that a keen appreciation of music is compatible with a shameless hedonism, yes, a gross voluptuousness. Yet this fact once recognized, a very revolution of society might be effected. Instead of adoring the music and despising the musician, authorities would then see to it that the student of music was shielded, safe-guarded, panoplied on every side. The place of the musician in the ideal community would not be, as in every land it has been, one of sufferance, but one of recognized peril, and this being overcome (or at least combated), one of honor rather than sentimental parade. The bad man (or woman)

degrades this Divine Art, but not half as much as do the people who allow such an one to drift along, deceived more than deceiving. Their vocation being so strongly marked, musicians need by way of avocation a counter-occupation of well defined character, and there is no reason why this should not be required of all candidates for honors.

I find, unexpectedly, that this idea of mine is taken up by an eminent writer in the current number of an English magazine, who openly advocates the establishment of Religious Communities for the express purpose of watching over young musicians, artists, actors, and thereby counteracting the present deplorable misdirection of energy and toil.

Some years ago I wrote: "If anything *is* proved, it is that music is enervating to the character, constantly deprived of its ideal aims in social intercourse, and utterly powerless to help a nation (as in the case of Italy and Germany) rise in the scale of being. There is no influence so vague, evanescent and unpractical as that produced by Music. The boasted power of martial music lies in the inspiration of the moment; it may help a man to do what he has already resolved to do; but no one pretends that this passing enthusiasm is the real instigator of action. This attempt to make Art accomplish what nothing but strenuous, painful, individual moral effort can accomplish utterly breaks

down under the demand. Now all are beginning to see that if practical good is to come from music, it must be when that Art leans for support upon the most firmly established morals, and not when used as a lever for their elevation."

As to the social proclivities of Music, we have seen that they are only too stimulating. There is, however, music of an inferior grade, and there are musicians of a mechanical order, and there is no objection to be found to subordinating these to the pleasures of social intercourse. The question ought to turn upon the superiority of the one to the other. If the social intercourse is superior to the Music, let it prevail; but to a true lover of Music it is painful to subject anything that is really music, to common-place chit-chat. Where persons have the judgment, the self-control and the tact to mingle good music with agreeable conversation, the highest degree of refinement may be said to have been reached.

When we say that Music has above all other considerations a preëminent significance for the religious life, we must acknowledge that an analysis of religion into moral and spiritual elements has been made. It is to the purely spiritual part of man's nature that Music, aside from all technicalities and formularies, addresses its real power. The utilitarian can hardly understand how a Moral Being could have lavished on man capacities of such

grandeur for no other end than pure enjoyment. Yet if music will not make men moral, it will at least compel them to enjoy the spiritual part of their being. When Shakespeare would describe "the man that hath no music in him, and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds," he says:

> "The motions of his *spirit* are dull as night,
> And his *affections* dark as Erebus,"

pointing out the fact that in not loving Music the loss is wholly spiritual. Again Shakespeare makes it the key-note to the character of Cassius that "he hears no music," calling attention to an abnormal, arrested development. Such natures "foam out their own shame." But, on the other hand, however far man may wander from the ideal of a pure and lofty morality, this love of an Art which is founded in the pulsation of his own heart will remind him of his origin and destiny.

It is to the normal type of character that the scientist will direct his study. And it is just here that the most striking connection between music and the religious life will be discovered. Not in the glorious works of creative genius, not in the gorgeous ceremonial of cathedral worship, but in the humble, forlorn, neglected life the power of this wonderful Art truly manifests itself. Pathetic,

rude, and crude in its form, it is the only Art,—for Poetry is loved through and for its musical affinities,—that ever penetrates the lives of the lowly. Hence it forms one of those mystic ties that bind the greatest to the least.

Our experience of the spiritual consolations of Music is challenged in the Bible; thus corroborating the position I have sought to establish,—that they are relevant to the human race.

THE HARMONY OF THEME AND FORM IN WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS

A Rumination

IN great musical centers, where the entire community is in training for years, it has been found possible to institute what is known as "The Music Festival," or, in other words, to gather the best forces in the world together and devote a week to the interpretation of first-class Compositions. But we who live in another atmosphere find ourselves in an apologetic attitude when we take up the cudgels for the Divine Art. This seems to be due to the fact that the emotional, or sentimental, value of music receives too much attention. The pleasure, the delight, the recreation afforded by Music eclipse its more serious side.

The most rudimentary form of musical taste is the enjoyment of melody, and this is because melody is simple as opposed to harmony, which is complex. Melody does not appeal to anything but the feelings; harmony makes a demand upon the intellectual capacity.

To that oft-debated question: "In what does the Beautiful consist?" there is at least one invariable answer: "The Beauty of an object consists in the harmony of its parts." Harmony as an element of the Beautiful is a striking characteristic of our Creator's works, and is an important feature in every form of Art-production.

There is, then, a decided advance in musical culture when the student turns aside from the thin, superficial stream of melody and discovers a charm in the unfathomable depths of harmony. This is at first, however, only the isolated, unrelated harmony of a single composition. He sees that there is accordance, contrast, discordance and identity in the internal life of the great work. Instead of corresponding to the play of the passions, music now responds in him to thought, to argument, to insight, divination and belief.

But why has the composer chosen this special form, in any given instance, for the expression of his ideas? An answer to this question involves a reference to the genetic value of the Art.

Going back to the origin of Music, we find that it is the youngest of the Fine Arts, and hence the most complex product of creative genius. Politics and war constituted the moral atmosphere which produced the Sculpture of the Greeks. The clash of Northern barbarism and Latin Christianity gave

birth to Gothic Architecture. The triumphs of the Cross, the cloister, and the Church live on in Painting. Absolute monarchy and the refinements of aristocratic life made Literature a Fine Art in the seventeenth century. It was not until the French Revolution had convulsed the world, sending its democratic impulse into the remotest corners, and revealing the fact that "man cannot live by bread alone," that Music in all its fulness and glory ranged itself by the side of these sister-Arts, representing a positive, complete side of the human mind.

Of course there had been sporadic manifestations of the Art all through the ages

"When music, heavenly maid, was young."

There had been Hebrew music,—and there is so much music in the mere words of the Psalms of David that we long to resuscitate the phonetics that accompanied them. There had been Lydian music and the Greeks acknowledged their indebtedness to those "soft measures," tho' they failed to improve appreciably upon them and transmitted to their conquerors little besides their scale. But without stopping to note the contributions of St. Ambrose and Gregory the Great in the early ages of our era, when the sounds were simply retained in the memory, for music was not yet written, we reach an epoch of the first importance when we discover that

in 1067 Guido, an Italian monk of Arezzo, invented staff notation, very nearly as we now have it. Descant, or part-singing, originated among the Northern peoples in the twelfth century. And by this time all the nations of Europe seem to be alive to the value of the nascent Art and each vies with the other in contributing some element towards its expansion. The combination of descant and notation led to the discovery of Counterpoint, the beginning of Music as a science, for counterpoint and harmony are synonymous terms in our language. The Netherlands furnished the authoritative teachers of Music in the early part of the fifteenth century, but it is a noticeable fact that these masters went down to Italy and there established the first conservatories. Ecclesiastical compositions were reconstructed and placed on an entirely new footing when Palestrina in 1563 wrote his great Mass of Pope Marcellus. Three years afterwards San Filippo Neri in the oratory of his church in Rome ordered the composition of a religious exercise which has always since been known as the Oratorio.

But while forms were thus rapidly and brilliantly developed, the thematic treatment of the notes and chords was not allowed to suffer. The incomparably valuable discovery of the chord of the dominant seventh by Jean Mouton of Holling in Lorraine (1475-1522) and used in the construction of

his Operas by Claudio Monteverde in Mantua in 1609, was the first step towards the possibility of emancipating music from words, or ideas expressed in speech, and investing it with a power to produce a language of its own. This is the real meaning of the word *Theme* in Music; it is a technical meaning and has no reference to title or subject in the ordinary sense of the word. The theme in music has its question and its answer, and the perfect answer is possible only through the use of the dominant seventh.

It is not my purpose now to dive deeply into the history of Music or to trace its development. I have reached my first postulate in stating that Theme is the scientific; form, the artistic, side of Music.

The canon, or round, and the fugue, as developed by John Sebastian Bach, give us an early example of marvelous harmony of theme and form. Those grand old Sarabands, Minuets, Bourées and Préambules have, indeed, never been surpassed. There is not only instrumentation, that is, coloring, but there is positively orchestration, or parity and disparity of qualities in those masterly measures which were written by this grand old German for the humble clavier.

And then, with a rapidity which has baffled all explanation, the mighty Händel produced his in-

comparable Oratorios, "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabeus," works which rank as Fine Art by the side of Raphael's Transfiguration, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Giotto's Campanile. Choral writing under the most despotic sway of contrapuntal law is the feature of these works of Händel, and yet such was the force of his genius, that he knew how to break that law and invest it with a new majesty in the same moment.

The last strains of Händel's Hallelujah Chorus have hardly become familiar to the world, "when to the ethereal vault ascends the praise of God" in Haydn's exquisite "Creation." Finality seems to be the characteristic of its more than mortal beauty, and to participate in the production of the "Creation" is nothing less than to realize that one's soul *is* a soul and not only shall, but must, live on forever.

It seems to me impossible to deny the presence of the Wagnerian principle in the Oratorio. That is, the exigencies of the words appear to govern the musical design. This may be mere appearance. But to the ardent lover of music the perfect harmony of theme and form is not reached until words are wholly out of sight. It is in the Symphony that we find this equipoise. We prefer, perhaps, to think of Mozart as "the marvelous boy, the deathless soul, who perished in his pride"; the performer

of that superhuman feat of memory,—the re-creation of Allegri's "Miserere" after one hearing of it in the close recesses of the Sistine Chapel. But Mozart was, really, the composer of 48 Symphonies.

Now this highest class of musical composition is a mighty structure. In the first movement of a symphony its ground-plan and elevation consist of the distribution of keys; its material is its style of harmony, whether diatonic or chromatic, contrapuntal or massive, its ornamentation is in its themes. But this house must be inhabited; hence the second part of the Symphony is sometimes called the free fantasia, because it is the letting loose of the creator's soul. This is the highest flight of the imagination, because it is entirely without the prompting of ideas expressed in words or images defined by shape. The final movement of the Symphony is the musical pronunciamento upon the modulations of the entire work.

So we see that without Mozart we could not have had Beethoven,—in reaching whom we reach the most sacred name in the annals of music. His 9 great Symphonies, 6 Concertos (which are pieces on the same plan with the addition of a part for a solo instrument and some of these are 75 pages in length) and his innumerable sonatas, oratorios, masses, operas and detached movements have proved

a bequest so priceless, that it has commanded little short of adoration. The stamp of a profound individuality in his case gave the final seal to the symphonic form and the masterpieces cast in it bear the name of classics.

All subsequent composers have built upon the solid foundation of Beethoven's genius, and two of these, Mendelssohn and Schubert, have almost outvied the master; Mendelssohn in making his music reflect an unparalleled intellectual serenity, and Schubert in rearing a superstructure of exquisite melodies upon figures in Thoroughbase whose originality is dazzling.

While there is no noticeable discrepancy between theme and form in the works of Spohr, Schumann, Brahms and Cherubini, the zealous student and deep thinker cannot but perceive in these a tendency towards the supremacy of form. This is nothing less than an admission that we have passed from the subjective to the objective, from the reign of intellectuality to that of emotionalism. The purest age of Art is indeed short-lived and the world is always wrong in its estimates of its duration. For it is not the status of an Art, but the world's ability to appreciate that Art which gives it a place in Fame's Temple.

For the name which Taine, the greatest expositor of the Beautiful that the world has known, I say

the name signalized by Taine to represent Music is the name of Chopin. The "Werther" of Goethe, the "René" of Chateaubriand, the "Manfred" of Byron and the "Jacopo Ortis" of Foscolo, Taine says produced Chopin. Man having found his absolute need supplied goes further; from the prevalence of insatiable, morbid, oversensitive emotions he demands Music as the expression of his vague and boundless aspirations, and Chopin, the subtlesouled psychologist responds to this demand.

The influence of a composer who confined his work to the pianoforte alone is something almost miraculous even in the History of Art. But brilliant and fascinating as is the music of Chopin, it is from a musical point of view a striking expression of declining Art. Works of the great masters stand out in bold relief against this preponderance of form-culture. As M. Brunetière says, in this worship of form the things we say do not matter, it is the manner of saying them that is considered. The Impromptu, the Nocturne, the Waltz, the Mazourka, the Berceuse, the Polonaise were Chopin's manner of saying his things, his way of expressing the luxurious melancholy, the fervid fancy, the intense longing of a soul so divinely endowed, that it is not too much to say it never had a superior.

The Nineteenth Century was Music's Century. The brilliant Disraeli immortalized himself by say-

ing: "If it were not for Music, we might in these days say 'the Beautiful is dead.'" And it will be remembered that these words accompanied the publication of the most remarkable musical novel that has ever been produced. "Charles Auchester," written by Elizabeth Shepherd of England, when she was sixteen years old, is one of those prodigies of genius that voice a nation's ardor and characterize a century. The rapid improvement in every kind of musical instrument has alone given the tone-poets of these latter days inspiration; and each separate instrument now has a long list of eminent composers and a still more brilliant beadroll of gifted interpreters; while that most baffling of instruments, the human voice, has been subjected to new modes of discipline, far surpassing all that had been known in the past and creating a separate School of thematic expression.

It is impossible at present to touch upon the lavish supply of beautiful compositions furnished us in these latter days. Every new work, however, sends us back to the Great Masters. We may revel in the florid harmonies of a Carl Maria von Weber, we may find ourselves bewitched by the sensuous strains of Gounod's "Faust," or exalted by the glorious beauty of his majestic "Redemption"; the vagaries of a Liszt, the wild novelties of a Dvoràk, the magical power of a Wagner or the cloying sweetness of

a Verdi may often seduce us from the right way. But we shall find that there is only one key to their mysteries and that is the study of the Great Masters. We are not even able to understand what they are doing without reference to those giants of old time. Sir Edward Elgar, an Englishman, has been pronounced the greatest living composer. The daring originality of his inspiration reaches its zenith in his wonderful setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, the "Dream of Gerontius." At first critics were baffled by a polyphonic development far in advance of anything yet written; but the closer the scrutiny the more evident it has become that this intensely modern composition rests securely on the principles laid down by Bach and Händel. It will be some time before anything from Elgar's pen will become popular, but the Continent teems with the most brilliant galaxy of composers that the world has ever seen. The question is, is it a true or a false brilliancy? In order to grapple with this question one must realize that musical study now-a-days demands the manipulation of a special instrument, a thorough acquaintance with works of the Great Masters and an ability to keep up with the increasing supply of compositions given us by the Poles, the Hungarians, the Roumanians, the French, the Italians, the Germans and the Russians.

The Russian folksong and the popular music of

the Hungarian gypsies have led to the blending of major and minor modes. We detect the use of capriciously formed scales. The favorite Hungarian scale has an augmented fourth: it is c, d, e flat, f sharp, g, a flat, b natural. The preference for our minor scale is most marked, and there is a constant employment of *tempo rubato*. Irregular accents, irregular phrase rhythms, and syncopations reveal the endless vistas of temporary delight into which music may wander. Its possibilities are perplexing and bewildering. It does indeed seem, that from whatever side we approach the subject of Music, we get some glimpse of its infinity. Rash is it to discourse of the remorseless exactions of the Art, or the well-nigh superhuman difficulties of the Science.

THE MUSICAL AFFINITIES OF ITALIAN VERSE

THE classification of the Fine Arts has become almost a Fine Art in itself. Taine, in his delightfully dogmatic style, groups Music and Architecture together as the Mathematical Arts; Professor Dewey, from the psychological standpoint, places Music side by side with poetry, as a purely subjective expression of creative genius; and that virile thinker, J. Fergusson, in his "History of Architecture," classes Music and poetry under the head of the Phonetic Arts.

It is in this last aspect that we shall now consider the musical affinities of Italian verse. For of all languages, living or dead, the Italian claims precedence as a musical language. The Spanish is intensely admired by the Italians (notably by Edmondo De Amicis in his "Spagna") as a more musical language than their own. But this is not the verdict of the world, and as a matter of fact the Spaniards have not produced one-tenth the quantity of verse that is extant in Italian. In the idea that there is a close subjective bond between these two

Arts under our consideration we are supported by a famous Italian poet of the 17th century, Giambattista Marini, who says:

"Music and Poetry, twin sisters, come
To bring relief to an afflicted race.
To calm the storms of passions they assume,
And of dark tempers drive away all trace:
The world the Beautiful in them sees loom,
And banishes soul-sickness from its face.
And barb'rous lands have not a heart so wrong,
If not the tiger's, that's not soothed by song."

But when we give this in its native form the striking difference in the English and the Italian will at once make good our claim for the latter:

"Musica e Poesia son due sorelle,
Ristoratrice delle afflitte genti,
De' rei pensier le torbide procelle
Con liete rime a serenar possenti.
Non ha di quest' il mond'arte piu belle
O piu salubri all affannate mente.
Ne cor la Scizia ha barbaro cotanto,
Se non é tigre a cui non piacia il canto."

We see here that there is a pleasure to be derived from the sound of words similar to that produced

by tones. And as Music is a combination of tones expressing any and all of the emotions known to man, so is Italian verse in itself such a medium. We recognize this in full force first in the charming Pietro Metastasio, whose 22 volumes of Operas caused him to be styled the "Prince of Librettists." Hear him in the lines

"Ogni amator suppone
Che della sua ferita
Sia la belta caggione,
Ma la belta non è.
E un bel desio che nasce
Allor che men s'aspetta,
Si sente che diletta,
Ma non si sa perchè."

The verse of this land "where sounds the si" has preserved all the rules and regulations of Latin scansion, with just enough deviation to be tantalizing. And studying it alone, without knowing even the titles of Metrical Compendiums, you may imagine my difficulties in distinguishing between diæresis and sinæresis.

The quotation just given from Metastasio is a perfect specimen of diæresis, and such lyrics correspond in Music to waltzes and gavottes, having a perfectly clean, well defined rhythm, rhyme and ac-

cent. Now an example from the store-house of Innocenzo Frugoni will just as clearly serve to illustrate a perfect specimen of sinæresis, which may be said to correspond in music to the form and movement of a Scherzo:

"Tace il vaso un di fumante,
Gorgogliante
D'onda turgida e proterva;
E vi tesse entro romita
La punita.
Sfidatrice di Minerva.
Giace il tripode gelato.
Col dentato
Agitabile stromento,
E col picol ozioso
Polveroso
Svegliator d'amico vento."

This in English is nothing but a sportive display of verbal skill, for the poet is doing nothing more than describing the little furnace where chocolate is milled.

Perhaps with more profundity than would be desirable on this occasion it would be possible to go back to the first versifiers and find a counterpart for every form of musical composition. We might liken the vague and charming melancholy of the Nocturne

to certain lines in Dante, as for instance the well known

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

How far short falls Tennyson's familiar translation of these famous lines, though ably prefaced:

> "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils,
> This is truth the poet sings,
> *That a sorrow's crown of sorrow*
> *Is remembering happier things.*"

And yet Tennyson is the most musical of English poets.

It was undoubtedly because of their delight in vowel sounds that the Italians gave themselves up to the production of a poetical literature. Just as, on the other hand, the e mute in French is responsible for the prose form of that literature. Take a verse from "L'Ange et l'Enfant" of Jean Reboul:

> "Là jamais entière allegresse,
> L'ame y souffre de ses plaisirs,
> Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse,
> Et les voluptés des soupirs."

We see that here we have none of the swing, the reverberation, or the positive melody, so easily perceived in the Italian.

Of all Italian poets none excels Vincenzo Monti in voluminous production of verse of this kind. In works on Scansion it is common now to explain the different metres with musical notes. One eighth note and two-sixteenths illustrate the dactylic, or, vice versa, the anapestic, foot. This is $\frac{2}{4}$ time in music and is almost always the time in which the final movement of a sonata is written, whether it be an Allegro or a Presto. Monti excels in this metre. Returning to Italy after a painful and rather equivocal exile in 1799, he pacified all enemies with his charming

"Bella Italia, amate sponde,
Pur vi torno a riveder!
Trema in petto e si confonde
L'alma oppressa dal piacer.
Tua bellezza, che di pianti
Fonte amara ognor ti fu,
Di stranieri e crudi amanti
T'avea posta in servitù:
Ma bugiarda e mal sicura
La speranza fia dei re.
No: il giardino di natura,
No: pei barbari non è."

In thinking over the poets for examples of word-music we seldom find the great thinkers in this list. Deep thought often corrugates expression, and it is impossible to think of Dante, or Alfieri, Tasso, Petrarch or Parini as occupied with this subordinate delight. Perhaps the only exception to this rule may be found in the incomparable Manzoni. As a poet Manzoni was the heir of a century's labor in word-study. The celebrated lines "Sparse le treccie morbide" mark the culmination of a literary era. These are the opening lines in a chorus in the beautiful historical tragedy entitled "Adelchi." The deep groan of the Latin people, alike defrauded and despised by the Lombards and the Franks, is heard in the sad and solemn wail of the chorus. The words themselves constitute a dirge, a grand funeral march, a requiem. It is a description of the dying Ermengarda, the repudiated Italian wife of Charlemagne.

"Sparse le treccie morbide
Sull' affanoso petto.
Lenta le palme e rorida
Di morte il bianco aspetto.
Giace la pia col tremolo
Sguardo cercando il ciel.

Cessa il compianto: unanime
S'innalza una preghiera:

Calata in su la gelida
Fronte, una man leggiera,
Sulla pupilla cerula
Stende l'estremo vel.

Sgombra, O gentil, dall'ansia
Mente i terrestri ardori:
Leva all 'Eterno un candido
Pensier d'offerta e muori:
Fuor della vita e il termine
Del lungo tuo martir.

Tal della mesta immobile
Era quaggiuso il fato:
Sempre un obblio di chiedere
Che le saria negato;
E al Dio de' santi ascendere,
Santa del suo patir."

It is scarcely necessary to say that poetry which is so valued for the mere music of its speech calls for a skillful translator. Longfellow bequeathed the world a treasure in his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," which, strange to say, is now procured with difficulty. Besides his own superb translations he inserted many from the manuscripts of his friends, and the translation by F. C. Gray of Manzoni's Ode, "The Fifth of May" (a meditation on the

death of Napoleon) is marvelously musical. But one of the most amusing books from this point of view is Howell's recently published "Italian Poets," for there is not the slightest suggestion of musical rhythm in his efforts to represent this poetry.

It seems superfluous to add that as Italian is the music of language, so it has long been pronounced the language of music, that is, of course, of vocal expression. It may be difficult to maintain this dictum in the face of the Wagnerian triumphs which are now so evident. But when we remember that the Italians are the only people who have an unbroken bead roll of musicians for 300 years, when we trace their glorious record from Rinuccini to Verdi, we are compelled to admit that they have a formidable vantage ground. Of course the question as to whether their language has facilitated the labor of musical composition is one altogether aside from my subject. My object has been to show that as arsis and thesis can only be explained by the downward and upward beat of the musician's baton, so we find this pulsation in perfection in Italian verse, and the eye may here be the means of conveying musical enjoyment when no sound breaks the stillness of the air.

THE PURPOSES OF MUSIC

GREAT was my astonishment, I must naïvely confess, when I found that the Netherlanders were the founders of the science of Music. During the Middle Ages there was no written Music. Popular airs were handed down from generation to generation in a traditional style, by means of mimicry and imitation. Instrumental music was at its lowest ebb. Of course there were occasions in the nascent civilization of Europe when Music was as much in demand as it is at present. Festive, social, martial, mournful, ecclesiastical purposes were found then, as now, in these rude, unpolished strains. But when we ask for the cause which changed these sounds into a science, I believe we can find it solely in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. In endeavoring to outvie the imperial and worldly claims of Constantinople and Ravenna, Rome hit upon the expedient of an elaborate Church ceremonial. The part played by Music in the Jewish ritual, with the Divine sanction, suggested the employment of it in the Christian form of worship. To fill the papal choir, fine voices were selected from

all parts of Europe. The stipend was high, life in Italy was indolent and easy, and with no great difficulty choristers were induced to come and sing. Boys and men of all ages were wanted, and when parents refused to give up their children, the agents of the Church did not hesitate to steal them, as in the case of Orlando di Lasso.

We are not only surprised, but startled, upon learning that the Netherland composers who first undertook to formulate rules for part singing, i. e. to invent counterpoint, were largely influenced in their modes and methods by the Schoolmen.

In a life of study I believe no discovery has ever given me more pleasure than this: I have always taken an unbounded delight in the Schoolmen, believing in the appeal to the intellect, the practical applications of Metaphysics, the grandeur of Theology as a science, and the aristocracy of learning. And now to find that in addition to all we have long recognized as their work, we also owe to their subtleties all that we now call Music is, indeed, a glorious confirmation of our faith in those old Doctors.

During the 14th Century every province of European thought was dominated by the scholastic philosophy: and—as far as any one can ever know—but for the metaphysical hair-splitting of Albertus Magnus, Duns Scotus and William of Occam, mu-

sical science would never have had a beginning. For the great desideratum of the times was mechanical invention. We may laugh until the tears run down our faces when we hear of the contrapuntal jugglery of these early Flemish composers, but unless they had exhausted the capacities of the cantus firmus (or plain song) there would have been nothing for subsequent composers to build on. And so they took this plain song and wrote it backward, then they reversed each interval, later still, they doubled the value of the intervals, and finally, of course, tried to see how small they could be made. That they took a true scholastic delight in these ingenious contrivances is a fact to which the bulk of their compositions still testifies, for a considerable collection of them is yet in existence. And of course it is easy to see in this an entire perversion of the purposes of Music. It is difficult, indeed, to associate these tone-feats with music. There was absolutely no thought here of Art. Exerything that posed under the name of Music was a pure mathematical problem.

Meanwhile the *people* kept up their folk songs for secular occasions. But the entire attention of *composers* was given to ecclesiastical music. The subjects of their works were almost as peculiar as their treatment, for we find that the Genealogy of the first chapter of St. Matthew was frequently set to

music. Whether there was a popular revolt against this we are not told, but the next striking fact is the conglomeration of the folk song and the Church music. "L'Homme armé" was a popular song in the 14th century, and as the people seemed determined not to give it up, the composers arranged pieces in which the leading voice sang "L'Homme armé" while at the very same time the chorus was singing an Agnus Dei.

When we are told in very general terms that Palestrina effected a revolution in Church-Music we have no idea what it means. But when we have followed out the above line of thought and fully realize the degradation music had suffered, the name of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina takes on a new lustre.

It is, indeed, a name which should be tenderly cherished by musicians; for it is to this one man that we owe the genesis and being of Music as an Art. Volumes have been written to explain the greatness of Palestrina and wherein he differed from or surpassed the famous Fleming, Lasso. But I believe it may all be summed up in this one sentence: he made Music an Art. Under the magic spell of Palestrina's genius music for the first time responded to both the intellectual and emotional cravings of the soul. Beauty was impressed on his creations and genuine dignity was brought to

light. Great indeed is the name of Palestrina. It helps us to understand the colossal character of the Italian genius. In painting, in sculpture, in literature and in Music the Italians have been creators. Italy's men of genius have appeared at critical moments in the world's history to turn the Arts in a new direction. The purposes of Music were ably vindicated by Palestrina, for he openly taught that it was not only intended to cheer, but to guide and control the minds of men. It was his avowed object to demonstrate the separation of sacred from secular music, and this will always be considered the crowning glory of his life.

We may well ask now how it was faring at this time with the Northern form of the Art. The first important fact seems to be that the scientific counterpoint originated and formulated by the Netherlanders was handed over intact to a family of Germans by the name of Bach. The high order of talent existing in this family in the 16th century was transmitted from generation to generation for 250 years, only dying out in 1845. It culminated, however, as every one knows, in the genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, who lived from 1685 to 1749.

The name of the great Bach will always be a synonym for scientific music at its best. But to understand this music as an exposition of the true purposes of the science one must study the condi-

tions of German life at the close of the 17th century. Reduced to dire poverty and almost denationalized by the Thirty Years' War, these humble people of Thuringia found in Music a compensation for the loss of earthly good. Their music was no joyous burst of gratitude, no lively gush of sentiment, but an imploring, upward cry for help from Above. This severity and spiritual earnestness gave the impetus to German music; and when we know that it was developed in the instrumental line, and by means of the organ, and in the service of the Protestant Church, we gain a clue to the comprehension of its lofty character. And just as Johann Sebastian Bach, himself, could not depart from the pre-determined course marked out for him by his ancestors, so the later Germans were compelled by the peculiarity of national conditions to follow in the wake of Bach.

In Bach's day, however, and for some time after, the Italians were still looked upon as the Masters of Music. Bach was a zealous student of Italian chamber music. Haydn studied under Porpora in Vienna. Mozart's Italian journey,—or, rather, triumphal progress,—gave rise to his many Italian Operas, written strictly in the florid style of that Country. Beethoven openly emulated the aristocratic coldness of Cherubini. Händel entered into the happiest kind of rivalry with Domenico Scar-

latti in Rome, and the English demanded Händel's presence in England that he might initiate them into the mysteries of Italian, not German, Art. Even Gluck, whose glory resides in his open and exultant departure from the well-trodden road of the Italians, served a long apprenticeship as a pupil of Sammartini, and spent the best years of his life in writing the music for Metastasio's Librettos. All of this is, of course, very amusing to us of to-day. It is evident that the Germans were not aware of their own supremacy. How was it, then, that they so completely wrested the sceptre from their rivals?

This strange turn of fate can probably be best accounted for by a consideration of the purposes of music. The very word, purpose, gathers psychical force as we contemplate it. We cannot divest it of a moral value. It lifts our thoughts to the design of our Creator in endowing us with this means of expressing our delight, our consolation, our enlightenment; our comfort, exaltation, self-abasement and rapture. It leads our destiny out of the narrow limits of the sectarian religionist and equally as well out of the barren domain of the pedant and the worldling. Music is an indelible divine seal set upon the intellectual and the emotional, as well as upon the spiritual, capacities of man. Hence the only explanation anyone can offer is that the triumph of the Germans was due to a virility of

purpose,—a stronger national aspiration, a deeper æsthetic conviction, a higher moral aim,—all of which were set in the framework of the Divine arrangement which brought the individual and the State into equilibrium at this time.

This dictum will gain in impressiveness by applying it to the Spanish people. Passionate lovers of Music and constant patrons of foreign talent, the Spanish have never been able to produce a single counterpointist. Now to explain this we have only to deny of them what we affirm of the Germans.

It would be interesting, though it would be presumably unnecessary in this connection, to trace the unfolding of spiritual purpose in the successive masterpieces of the great Germans. It is enough now to concentrate our thoughts on the teleological explanation of the Art as such, wherever we find it. For scientific and metaphysical explanations of the worth of music are often offered, but seldom or never do we hear anything of its purposes, i. e. its teleological value.

There are those who think that the purpose of music is to fill the mind with images. They speak of the objects called up by the hearing of good music, describing the clouds, the storms, the Alpine peaks, the cataracts, villages, vine-clad bowers and what not thus presented to the inward eye. Ingersoll's famous speech in praise of Seidl was wholly of this char-

acter. To me it seemed a confession of inability to grasp the subject. If music were dominated by the sense of sight, Painting ought to suggest the concord of sweet sounds. One process would be just as logical as the other. But allowing that there is an inferior kind of music which openly aims to be of an imitative character, simulating brooks, birds, cataracts, mill-wheels, etc., even this does not claim to suggest pictures, and most certainly this is not the kind of music that Seidl produced. It cannot be said too often that the highest purpose of music is to express the soul of man. Modern counterpoint has learned that it must not exist for itself, but for an ulterior purpose,—to reveal the Divine spark which makes man truly great. There are those who think all music pernicious, and they are scarcely more amusing than the class that thinks all music elevating. In remonstrating with this latter class, one meets the rejoinder, "But music is music, is it not?" —as though music either composed or performed by a human being could be devoid of a human element! On other occasions man does not regard himself as a machine or something worse than a machine, and there is no more reason why there should not be discrimination in music than in literature and gastronomy. But one may ask, "Can a true music-lover condemn true music as immoral?" Most certainly. The case of Gounod's Faust has been pointed

out to me. It is exceedingly beautiful. But as it was composed to set forth immoral actions, it cannot do less than partake of the nature of those actions. And, indeed, in nearly all the old Operas the undue value placed upon sexuality, as it gives a lopsided, distorted form to the character of the personalities portrayed, also gives a pernicious bias to the music as music. The Operas make no secret of exciting and sustaining the passions, the lowest part of our nature. A thoughtful person will take them in small doses. After the stage of mental infancy, almost every one is aware of the limitations and exigencies of artistic expression, that it must emphasize and exaggerate a project in order to effectuate it. Applying this, it can hardly be said that the Opera is taken seriously by any one, and this must deprive it of any real influence, relegating it entirely to the dominion of pure pastime. But this also makes it clear that Opera music is not suitable in a Church service or upon serious occasions.

Of course it is not possible to pass over the mighty name of Richard Wagner in this connection. Wagner's music is so intensely serious and so avowedly a purposeful music, that this characteristic obliterates every other. He demonstrated his genius by breaking with the past and initiating a new species of musical composition, so that the Opera and the

Wagner Opera are two distinct entities. Yet the question is still an open one as to whether this music is in itself an end, or simply a means of illustration. Divested of drama, scenic effect and elaborate explanation, and studied solely as music, musicians are still asking, "Does this music satisfy the demands of the Art-loving soul?"

That Wagner made a great gain for the Opera when he undertook the task of writing his own librettos cannot be disputed. His works thereby attained a unity hitherto unknown. This is specifically noticeable in "Die Meistersinger," a portrayal of the life of the cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs of Nuremburg. An Opera without a single melody, this is an intensely subjective work, and the music itself is in wonderful keeping with the aspirations of obscure genius and the conflict of individuality with environment.

"Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" retain some features of the Italian Opera, not only in glorious melodies, which have never been surpassed, but in the variety introduced by choruses, duos and quintets. We will not stop, therefore, to remark upon these fascinating productions, for they can scarcely be considered exponents of Wagner's peculiar power. That power seems to reach its climax in "Tristan und Isolde," where the larger theme of Fatality swallows up a simple idyl of Arthurian origin. The or-

chestra here plays the most important rôle, "and up from its symphonic profundity emerge melodies which are involved, interrupted, mingled, modified, superposed, separated and lost to re-emerge."

A modern Italian, Gabrielle D'Anunzio, has analyzed this work partly to show the capacity of his own melodious language. He goes on to say: "in the impetus of its chromatic progressions we see the folly of pursuing a good which flies from us while it flashes in our face. In the mutations of tone, of rhythm, of measure, in the successions of syncopations is a search without truce, an anxiety without limit, the long punishment of that desire which is forever deluded and yet never extinguished. The 'motif' of the Opera is an eternal longing, now illuminating the summit of its harmonic waves, now obscuring them with a tragic shadow."

Wagner, himself, however, set his seal of approbation upon the great trilogy of the Niebelungen Ring,—"Die Walkürie," "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdammerung," preceded by the prelude of "Das Reingold,"—a Nature-myth, representing the struggles of the human will to subjugate itself to the Divine Will, or as Wagner expresses it, "to will its own undoing." We are evidently in point of time too near to this masterpiece to judge of its merits. We cannot get the right perspective. But we may and do rejoice that a serious, yes, even a severe

character has been imparted to the Opera by Wagner.

The production of "Parsifal" in this country has occasioned so much agitation that another word is, perhaps, superfluous. Certainly we have all been brought face to face with the possibility of making Art too serious. We are reminded of the Horatian maxim,

"Fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum discernunt avidi."

"Musically Parsifal has more sanity, balance and restraint than any other of Wagner's works except 'Die Meistersinger,'" says one critic. But equally reliable is the verdict of another, who says, "The music of Parsifal is impotent and disappointing; it must not be judged by its music."

But if Wagner has used his musical motives to illustrate rather than express the passions, he has at least broken away from a bad precedent. The Italian School had sinned grievously not only in levity, but in pandering to emotionalism in Music.

Yet in the course of literary investigation it has been a surprise to me to find that the later Italian librettists and composers worked together to delineate the leading dramatic episodes in Italian history. "Belisario," "Mastin della Scala," "I Lom-

bardi," "Il Trovatore," "Masaniello," "La Battaglia di Legnano" and "I Due Foscari" were so true both in spirit and form, that they paved the way for, or, rather, suggested the possibility of, that brilliant treatment of more burning themes in the dramatico-lyric poets of the 19th century.

In all modern Art the characteristic sin is a straining after poignancy of expression. And in music especially, this calls forth a protest from the thoughtful. And this protest, we must confess, is perennial; for of course all through the ages it is not musical composition, but musical interpretation that is the great theme of interest.

Music is the only one of the Arts dependent upon an interpreter. The interpreter must have his own special purposes in assenting to, or assuming, his rôle. Hence it happens that a person of strong will, conspicuous position and authoritative mandate will often set the fashion for interpretation. And as it often happens also that such an individual is possessed of a very small soul, we have seasons of barren pyrotechnical display, in which flesh and spirit are alike victimized. Art becomes an exhibition of dexterity, and the artist appeals to a world gaping for marvels of musical execution rather than for music. This is well characterized as "the dosing of subjects proper to the intellect with sensational vapors."

Certainly the crowning sin, at the bottom of all musical misinterpretation, is the sentimental attitude of mind. In other Arts this may go off in smoke and "leave not a wreck behind," but in music it is the fosterer and promoter of a disguised, but none the less real, form of sensualism. The degradation of music in the worship of the Church is the worst result of this attitude. Every force should be exerted for the restoration of ecclesiastical music to its true position, as a strengthener of the moral fibre, a source of awe and reverence. For social life and national character will take their cues from ecclesiastical precedent in the matter of music, as we have seen in the cases of Italy and Germany. Hence the subject addresses itself to the entire nation. No one can be permitted to feign indifference to the musical culture of his country. Was there not a grand old sage who said, "Let me make the songs of a land and I care not who may make its laws"?

GRILLPARZER AND PURCELL

In the usual résumés of eras famous for the development of Fine Art there seem to be only two stereotyped attitudes of thought. And I must confess I find each of these attitudes defective. The first is the general view; and this has made the most noise in the world. It brings every manifestation of genius to the bar of current opinion, prevailing taste, the spirit of the age. Passing over the village, the town and the city, it points to the achievements of the nation, and it speaks of the men of genius of an illustrious period as of a "corporation with fixed traditions."

We learn as we are taught; and we easily roll off the list of Italian painters, or the Augustan writers, or the German musicians, and by the time their names and lives and works are established in our minds, we have formed them into separate bands voluntarily associated together for the promotion and advancement of a special Art. What is our surprise to find, upon closer investigation, that these distinguished men and women did not know each other, Alas! often did not know of each other's

existence!

This view of wide sweep and brilliant definition was unveiled to the world by that prince of critics, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. And now every one is familiar with Taine's fascinating generalizations in the Philosophy of Art. He has said the last word on the triumph of environment over individuality, and from this point of view he is final, authoritative, convincing.

But not even a Taine has been able to divine just why such and such a phase of Art took the world of its own day so completely by surprise. History constantly reminds us that it is one thing to interpret an event after it has happened, but quite a different matter to predict it. Indeed we see this for ourselves in our own day, in which people are continually commenting on the marvelous material progress of the age and thereby realizing the gap between the man of genius and the man of education. It is agreed on all sides that Edison, Tesla and Marconi have not taken the world of their day so much by surprise as by storm.

It is not too much to say that no age has understood its own greatness. The Greek public has left on record that it did not set its seal to what has since been pronounced the best in Greek Literature. Aristotle thought he wrote of everything under the sun, but he never mentions his great contemporary,

Demosthenes. Amusing essays and entire books have been written to prove that it is impossible to tell a good book from a bad one; for if Dr. Johnson and Milton and Addison failed, how can we hope to succeed? I recollect that in my first visit to Europe, I was carried away with delight over the paintings of Domenichino. All the critics and all the guide-books in the world could not have subdued my enthusiasm for this glorious colorist and magnificent draughtsman. This was while in Italy, where the masterpieces of the great Bolognese painter are treasured. In a second visit to Europe, I was limited for some months to the Louvre and among its seven miles of paintings I was struck by the works of an unknown artist named Zampieri. Great was my surprise in after years to find that Domenichino and Zampieri were the same person, the name of "little Domenico" being the embodiment of the contempt in which the artist was held by his contemporaries.

But the general view of Art has its reverse, as well as its obverse, pictures. If it fails to account for contemporary depreciation and thus reveals the hostility rather than the sympathy of the age, it also emphasizes the greatness of the individual genius. Pressure of investigation compels it to revolve on its axis, and we are made to see that the other side of the general is the special.

Now the more thoroughly one explores the vast domain of History, the more is one tempted to believe that everything can be traced to the individual. Some one person is the originator, the responsible author of every great movement.

I suspect this idea has filtered into my mind thro' the works of Hallam. His magnificent erudition enabled him to trace streams to their source; his works are mines of specific value, and he does not hesitate to say that the vast movements of a millennium could not have been brought about but for the strength, the courage or the endurance of the person whom he has the hardihood to name.

Under the spell of this guidance we begin to deify genius. And before we know it this apotheosis of genius has degenerated into a mere admiration of greatness.

That greatness has its charms for every one of us is undeniable. Greatness has a moral value; it means fidelity to the small duties of its calling. And greatness has an emotional value; it stirs our heart-strings because we know it is only achieved at the cost of suffering; yes, sometimes intense suffering. Its intellectual value is on the face of it; for it chants the pæan of power, dominion, glory,—the dominant passion in the human breast, the one passion which is appealed to and justified even in Holy Writ. But greatness also has an æsthetic value;—the attaining

of the prize for which so many strive means completion; harmony, beauty for the setting of that soul.

All of this is truth that is partial, one-sided, defective. Reflection tells us that greatness is extrinsic. The true diviner exclaims: "It naught avails thee where, but what thou art." We impoverish our souls by this rude separation of the æsthetic world into the great and the small; the special view in which the individual counts for so much, and the general view in which he is lost in the "corporation." Perhaps we shall best see the defects in each of these attitudes thro' a study of representative musicians, and for this purpose I suggest the lives of Grillparzer and Purcell. For the place of the poor musician in this cold, bleak world has passed into a proverb.

Franz Grillparzer was born in Vienna in 1791 and died there in 1872, having lived thro' the wondrous cycle which began with Mozart and culminated in Wagner. In 1823 Grillparzer was acclaimed by Austria as the greatest of her dramatic poets. A few short months ago I had never heard of his existence. Then I found a charming article on "Grillparzer, Musician and Poet," translated from the French of Camille Bellaigne in *Littell's Living Age*. I asked my youngest sister if she had ever heard of him. She said she had; that some

time ago she read his "Sappho" in the German and found it very beautiful. A little later I discovered that Mahaffy in his History of Greek Literature names Grillparzer in the long list of poets who have modernized the legend of the "Golden Fleece." Another accidental quest revealed that Andrea Maffei has translated Grillparzer's "Medea" for the benefit of the Italians.

The discovery of this new luminary in my mental heavens has not only been provocative of pleasure for its intrinsic worth, but for the substantial support it gives me in confuting those two stereotyped attitudes of thought, which are perhaps best represented as the general and the special and which, as I have intimated, I believe to be fatal to the full expansion of the æsthetic judgment.

Grillparzer was known to his friends as a practical musician, pianist and composer. To be sure, no one now but a certain Mr. Hanslick seems to know anything about his compositions; but as a poet Grillparzer owes everything to Music. We are told that in his "Sappho," "The Waves," and "Libussa," "Music leaps from the lips of his characters in a gush of harmonious words." There is music in his diction; there is a dreamy and delicious mood of mind diffused throughout his writings; and at the point where music and poetry meet we feel the pulsation of his heart. But the remarkable thing

about the man is his power to think, to theorize, to expatiate upon the meanings of Music.

Now for one person who has any definite thoughts about Music there have been a hundred who could compose. Who has not been struck by the tragic presence and inevitable fatality of the great Law of Sacrifice in the lives of the eminent musicians? Truly have the right hand, the right eye and the right foot often been offered up on the altar of Music. For what, after all, is the desideratum of our lives? Is it not first the ability to think and then the power to express our thoughts in words? But the genius for musical composition is precisely the symbolical rod which swallows up all else that stands beside it.

Grillparzer's was by no means a perfect life. It was full, indeed, of incessant struggles and repinings. It is only and solely in his thoughts about music that we find the meaning of his existence.

For some years I have been asked to speak in this Club under the head of the Literature of Music and have become deeply interested in this line of thought. After considerable research, I have found scant support from other writers in this task and have concluded that, while there are innumerable facts, there is no literature about music. Very little of what has been written about music will bear the test of thoughtful examination.

But turn to Grillparzer and you will find first: marvelous characterizations of the great composers. Summing up his impressions of Beethoven, his contemporary and friend, he says: "He swept over the domain of Art like Behemoth over the primeval seas. From the coo of the dove to the roll of the thunder, from the subtlest combination of the resources of an infallible technique up to that dread point where the artist's training yields to the lawless caprice of natural forces in irrepressible conflict—he has traversed all, he has grasped all. He who comes after him will not pursue the same route; he must strike out another; for the great Precursor stopped where Art stops."

Again, our thinker is perhaps happier in this famous word-picture of the same genius: "A man moves with a rapid stride, his shadow ever moving with him. A torrent bars his fiery way. He plunges in, breasts the waves, emerges upon the further shore and resumes his headlong course. He pulls up on the verge of an abyss and gathers himself for a spring. Those who are watching him afar tremble, but lo! with one bound he has landed safe and sound on the further side of the gulf. What is arduous for others is but play for him. But he has blazed no path by which others may follow him. This man is Beethoven."

Hear Grillparzer as he describes Mozart: "In

the eternal beauty of the audible note and its marvelous affinity with the listening ear the sensibility of the listener is heightened as with a throb of hope fulfilled; the discords are abased and overcome, like evil things and proud. The great musician can work such miracles of transition and reversion that even the second becomes a harmony. But what words can express the indescribable, the fugue, the counterpoint, the canon *a due* or *a tre,* the whole miraculous construction of that celestial architecture which needs no cement, but is sustained by the very hand of God!"

Of another contemporary Grillparzer defines the originality in such lively lines as: "Schubert is my name! I am Schubert. Take me for what I am! I do homage to the works of the old masters. I revere them; but nothing of their works shall enter into mine. Praise me and I shall be glad; blame me, and I will endure your censure. Schubert is my name! I am Schubert."

Our thinker, we see, gave his unqualified approbation to few. For there is insinuation in the "shadow" and the "Behemoth sweep" of his Beethoven pictures, and there is irony in his silhouette of Schubert. Grillparzer evidently believes that there are traditions which genius has rendered inviolable. His wrath breaks out over Weber's "Euryanthe," and he says: "It is an opera designed

to give pleasure to the mad, the imbecile, and the learned,—possibly also to highwaymen and assassins." But it is upon Wagner that the full vial of his malediction falls. For Grillparzer, being both poet and musician himself, was occupied through the whole of his long life over the vexed question of the relation of Music to Poetry. He gives the pre-eminence to Music, and it seems to me his arguments are wonderfully forcible in the face of his threefold capacity as musician, poet and thinker. That his thinking is as sound as it is independent is proved by the fact that there are times when it forestalls, and tallies with, Wagner's, tho' approached from exactly the opposite direction. It is certainly no slight proof of Grillparzer's genius that he was the first person to suggest the notion of the "leit-motif," and another of his pre-Wagnerian ideas is that the propositions of Music should be universals.

When, then, we are confronted by the sacrifice of Music to Poetry in the trend of the Wagnerian Opera and as lovers of Music look out upon a sad prospect for the Divine Art, it is consoling to discover that there is a thinker here and there who is pointing his finger in another direction. And it is encouraging to find that there is nothing vague about Grillparzer's teaching. A fine piece of characterization is found in his saying:

"A genius is great because he imposes bounds upon himself. What he does and what he refrains from doing weigh equally in the balance of his fame. Precisely because he never desires more than it is lawful for man to desire, there is a positive inevitability about all that he does. He chooses rather to appear smaller than he is than to inflate himself to monstrosity. The kingdom of Art is a world by itself, but no less real than ours: and all that is real is subject to measure and law."

Is it not, then, an easy matter for me to substantiate my dictum as to the inefficacy of the two stereotyped attitudes of thought? No one can place Grillparzer among the great; and he is just as certainly lost to view in the "corporation."

But let us turn to another musician of doubtful position in the world of Art; for Henry Purcell (whom I have already named) was not known outside of his native land until two centuries after his death. This would be a pretty difficult subject for a Taine-ist to work into the environment theory. According to the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica the English have produced the greatest composers that ever lived; and when the bicentenary of Purcell's death was celebrated in England (in 1895), his eulogists made him out greater than Händel.

The rest of the world will not agree with these assertions and unfortunately for the English, the

world has it in its power to disprove them. Nevertheless, Henry Purcell is one of the most striking instances on record of individual responsibility for the trend of a great movement. He triumphs entirely over the environment theory, for there was absolutely no environment for him to bask in. We doubt very much whether he would ever have been known had not Händel taken up his residence in England. But we find Purcell before Händel just as we find Huss before Luther, Perugino before Raphael, Adami before Milton. Do we say then that the less gives birth to the greater? We say that there is often in the lesser talent a force of suggestiveness which is entirely overlooked in the summing up of the world's debt to the great and the deification of success.

Henry Purcell died one hundred years before Grillparzer was born and his short life was the very antithesis of the Austrian's. He had no thoughts or theories about Music, but was an enthusiast as a practical performer.

Upon consulting the English chroniclers, we find that Purcell was a boy chorister in the Chapel Royal of Whitehall, beginning to compose Church Music at the age of nine. Beyond a few scholastic and very dry Latin treatises on Music and three books in English there was absolutely nothing in the shape of books of instruction by means of which this English lad could either be educated by others or edu-

cate himself in the science. His father and his uncle were performers and singers in Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, but their compositions were not noteworthy and might be called more properly (and probably were) improvisations. It was not from instruction of any kind that Purcell derived either his knowledge or his inspiration. Nature equipped him. He could hardly have come upon the scene at a more inopportune time. The Puritans had done everything in their power to put down what they called "curious singing and piping of organs." But even Purcell's boyish Anthems show that he was a born innovator. His harmonies, his modulations, his melodic forms, his development of the orchestra, his creation of the accompanied song for a single voice, and last and greatest of all, the addition of orchestral accompaniments to his Church Anthems and services are only culminating proofs of his striking boldness. For nearly a century before Purcell's time the Opera had been growing in artistic importance in Italy, but it was wholly unknown outside of that Country. Purcell was an originator of the Opera. His "Dido and Æneas" was a revelation. Without guidance, model or law he produced an Opera, and in this early Opera Purcell distinctly foreshadowed the dramatic style of Gluck one hundred, and of Wagner, two hundred years afterwards. And the strangest thing of all

is, that the English, with all their efforts, have never since been able to produce a real Opera.

The bulk of Purcell's compositions is positively astounding. Now that students have access to his biography and the names of his compositions, the length, range and quality of these compositions seem incompatible with a life of only thirty-seven years. Twenty-one pieces for St. Cecilia festivals and royal movements; between forty and fifty dramatic works; eighty sacred compositions and an uncertain number of miscellaneous things are the proofs of his fertility. I say *uncertain* because it is by no means agreed that all of these have yet been brought to light, as the English people have not taken the trouble to hunt them up or even publish a complete set of those already found.

But after such a knowledge as this it is evident that we must break thro' those long lists of Italian and German musicians and pause as we insert the name and fame of a great Englishman.

The widely varied character of Purcell's compositions as seen even in their titles is also a testimony to the breadth and greatness of the man's mind. Nevertheless, we must remember that his Art consisted in composing settings for poems, tragedies, comedies already extant. To run over these titles is to revive our familiarity with the literature of the Stuarts after the Restoration and during the

dominion of the House of Nassau. For instance, the libretto of "Dido and Æneas" was written by Nahum Tate, the tragedies of "Aureng-Zebe" and "Tyrannic Love" by Dryden, the comedy of "Epsom Wells" and the tragedy of "The Libertine" by Shadwell. Mrs. Behm was the author of "Abdelazor"; Betterton of "The Prophetess"; Elkanah Settle of "Distressed Innocence," while there were many attempts to boil down Spenser and Shakespeare for the exigencies of the vaudeville in this artificial age. We see for ourselves, therefore, that Purcell's music was illustrative, not the highest kind of inspiration, not able to deal with universal truths, but occupied with objectivities, or images obtained from without.

The tendency of modern criticism is to take genius too seriously. A study of the lesser lights in any Art must correct this tendency, as it reveals the foundations for belief in degrees of mentality, as well as the respective value or worthlessness of mere modes of expression. "The true critic," says Saintsbury, "must not be a liker who likes grossly or in accordance with tradition. He must love with personal love and be able to give reasons for the love that is in him." Such a study as this of Grillparzer and Purcell is of the utmost value in modifying generalizations too glaringly brilliant. Indeed it affects the subject of generalization as such. It points to the necessity of discrimination. It reveals the

value of a reserve force which gives its heed to the unknown quantity. If our conclusions are to be at all philosophical, there must be gradations in our judgments just as there must be gradations in the importance of facts. Knowing that we cannot possibly examine everything for ourselves, that an independent judgment would be a contradiction in terms, we must gird ourselves for an investigation of the nature just indicated. Surely it cannot but aid us in the forming of a relatively independent judgment, based upon well-defined principles, and aiming towards the full enjoyment of our own mental powers as well as those of the gifted, but obscure, sons of talent.

THE RESOURCES OF THE MUSIC-LOVER

MUSIC is the poetry of sound. All language or speech is in this light mere prose. Music alone transforms words into poetry; for rhythm is the soul of poetry. Meter has to do with Music on its mathematical side, being the measure of the line, and verse is simply the material of poetry. The word-thoughts of a quatrain, for instance (or any other well-defined metrical form), are related to each other like the notes of a musical sentence, in pitch, melody, duration, rhythm, volume, harmony, timbre and color; and of these rhythm most nearly expresses temperament, and this more than anything else gives the clue to the thrill felt in common by the poet and his sympathetic hearer when words take upon them the witchery of Art.

Conversely, what have the poets, the word musicians, to say about this dominating factor in their own creations? Have they probed the significance of Music itself in its effects on the minds and lives of its lovers?

It is surprising to find that few poets have passed beyond a superficial consideration of Music's power.

Their thoughts seem to run only in one channel. Shelley says:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

"No song ever went to the heart whose arrow was not feathered by sadness," adds Bulwer.

And Hood:

"There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chords of melancholy."

And Browning (tho' not in his own person) exclaims:

"Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings,

. . . . . .

What! Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions——'Must we die'?
Those commiserating sevenths—— Life might last, we can but try!"

To the same effect is Wordsworth's celebrated line:

"The still, sad music of humanity."

And Shakespeare makes his Venetian Portia say,

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

From Andrea Maffei we gather that

"It makes grief beautiful and weeping sweet."

And again:

"The sad joy that beams
From song's blest face
No name can claim."

And Byron, veiling his meaning in allegory, excels every one both in the music of his numbers and his tribute to the Art when he concludes "The Bride of Abydos" with:

"For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower
Nor woos the summer beam.
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote;
Invisible his airy wings
But soft as harp that houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the bulbul; but his throat
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day blush bursts from high
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame.)
That note so piercing and profound

Will shape and syllable its sound
Into the loved one's name."

But has any one yet considered that Music is the source and cause of the fullest *happiness* that we can know on earth? Surely it is a refuge from that deep solicitude which accompanies the exercise of our affections. It may be true that in love lies our bliss, our earthly paradise. But reflection and experience alike proclaim that an agonizing fear, an intense longing and a perpetual anxiety accompany, if they do not constitute the essence of, love. We can in language only express what happiness is *not;* we cannot say what it *is.* The greatest literary masterpieces of the English are elegies: Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Lament for Adonais," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Dante, too, could be vivid and explicit in describing the woes of the Inferno and the Purgatorio, but became vague and verbose when he entered upon the Paradiso. Milton is supreme in "Paradise Lost;" common place and forgotten in "Paradise Regained."

Now it is just here that Music steps in to be our solace and delight. Music has a language of its own. Practical people may hoot at the idea that we can have thoughts that we cannot put into words. But one thing is certain: Music can give these wordless thoughts expression. It satisfies us not so much with

the actual fulfillment of our present longings as with the sure and certain pledge of their future fulfillment. It strikes the chord in our hearts which consists of both bliss and agony, but the third and final note in it is one of promise, beckoning on our aspirations, encouraging our hopes with the whisper: "Thou canst overcome." I grant the sadness in music and our love for the saddest music. That element tells us of what we already know, that life itself is sad. But the peculiar charm of music is that it reveals a side of life of which we have no experience, the perfect, blissful possibilities that make their appeal to us thro' the most subtle and profound parts of our being. We seldom turn away from music because it is too sad. But who has not felt that he cannot endure the intense joy that thrills his heart from an unexpected note or strain? It is here that

"The sunniest things throw sternest shade.
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid."

Of course it is this constant demand on the feelings that renders all musical study dangerous to the character and makes it absolutely necessary that it should be counteracted by strong influences of another nature.

But tho' ugly and disreputable character is occasionally associated with a life dedicated to music, it is by no means always so. Both Musical Biography and Musical Fiction not only bring the music-lover into a new world of delight, but show him how often character has triumphed over dilettanteism and sensuality. Some of us have heard from the lips of our elders the praise of that unrivaled singer and woman, Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale; to whose rendition of Händel's aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Frank P. Stearns pays such a glowing tribute to-day in his charming "Midsummer of Italian Art." Others have just returned from a participation in the world renowned Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and have been awed by the first performance after all these scores of years of music set to such intensely solemn words as these:

"From depths of woe I call on Thee
O God, now hear my crying,
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
To my complaint replying.
If thou, O Lord, wilt call to mind
The sins and failings of mankind,
Alas! who may abide it!

In Jesus' mercy will we trust,
Whose might alone can raise us from the dust;

For Satan still our souls would claim,
And to his bondage given,
Our life were naught but sin and shame.
Then how could guilty mortals dare to pray,
Or cherish hopes of Heaven,
If Jesus were not strong to drive the foe away?

What voice is with the tempest blending?
O comfort! 'Tis my Saviour dear!
Then, troubled spirit, fear no longer!
Than Satan's power thy God is stronger:
His mighty arm is ever near.
His truth and mercy have no ending."

Traditions of the eccentric, incomparable Paganini; glimpses into the wonderful careers of Haydn and Händel, Beethoven, Gluck, Lulli, Cherubini, Berlioz, the Schumanns, Brahms, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas, Rubinstein and Glinka; personal recollections of the violinists, Ole Bull, Camilla Urso, Wilhelmj, Remenyi, Sarasate, Franz Kneisel, Isaye; of the pianists, Mme. Essipoff, Julia Rivé-King, Anna Mehrling, Teresa Carreño, d'Albert, Von Bülow, Nannette Auerbach, Sherwood, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Rosenthal, Sauer, Gabrilowitch, Hofmann and Paderewski; of the singers, Edouard and Jean de Reszke, Eames, Nordica, Calvé, Schumann-Heinck, Sembrich; of the organists, Guille-

mant, Sir John Stainer, B. J. Lang, Miles Farrow; of the orchestral creations of the modern Italians, Perosi, Puccini, Ponchielli, Leoncavallo, Boito, Mascagni and Valverde; anxious followings of the progress of the song writers, Edith Porter, Kathleen Rogers, Arthur Foote and Benjamin Whelpley will add immensely to the breadth and depth of our outlook upon the world, our understanding of the life of genius and our conceptions of a standard of excellence. For while the Drama exacts the highest grade of excellence attainable by intellectual power, the finished attainments of the musician take the next rank, and while an appreciation of them cannot be hoped for without severe study and long preparation, it is within the reach of all who strive for it. Such hearings of world-renowned artists and performances will be all the more appreciated if they fall to the lot of one who lives in an out-of-the-way country town, and attains these privileges only at the cost of some sacrifice.

But in every case there must be some sort of musical education to pave the way for such advantages. How ridiculous were the complaints of the New York critic that he could not enjoy a first hearing of the Mahler Symphony! He had not approached the outer gate of Music's Temple. Such a person knows nothing of the heroism involved in the almost ceaseless repetition of intellectual effort

required for the understanding of any Art. The true critic must come to his task equipped from head to foot, must be argus-eyed, alive in every part of his being, baring his breast to the reception of Art's every arrow if by any means one may find him. When I took Liszt's "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" to a celebrated teacher in New York and asked to be taught it, he said, "You must first tell me what it is about." The enjoyment of Tschaikowsky's Symphonies could only be understood by the lover of history and democracy. The general public turned away from them. But long before the outbreak of the Russian revolution the initiated knew of the rebellious spirit of the people; knew that music was the only province of intellectual output that was not censored by the imperial government. Hence the mutterings of fierce discontent, wild longings for change, for hope, for bread went hand in hand with the development of the structureless compositions made so famous by Tschaikowsky.

To return to the subject of Musical Biography and Fiction; in my girlhood I read and received inspiration from Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany"; "Compensation, or always a Future," by an unknown; "The First Violin" by Jessie Fothergill; "Robert Falconer" by George Macdonald; "Thekla," a romance of musical life in Vienna by my friend, William Armstrong; "Charles Auches-

ter" by Elizabeth Shepherd; Moscheles on "Recent Music and Musicians"; Heribert Rau's "Life of Mozart"; Elsie Polko's "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn," and, above all, the altogether charming work of Sebastian Hensel on the Mendelssohn family. To be admitted to the charmed circle of the musician's world is as good as a visit to another planet for the most of us; and no more beautiful home life has ever been depicted than that of the Mendelssohns. They were Christian Jews and they seem to have lived and moved and had their being on a far higher plane than is reached generally. Felix Mendelssohn was one of the favored few in the world's history. Gifted with the happiest nature imaginable, loving, and beloved by everybody, fairly adored by his family circle and charming wife (Cécile Jeanrenaud), he would have been happy under any circumstances. But he was supremely blest in being endowed with a genius of the first order and allotted to live in an appreciative age, free from envy and malignity, and in the conscious enjoyment of the full exercise of his gifts and the applause of his fellow-men. Measured by years his life was short: but measured by achievement, happiness and success, his days were anything but few. His life reads like a fairy tale. By the time he was twelve he had produced a collection of compositions which fills 44 large volumes, all written and dated with that infinite neatness that char-

acterized throughout life his every action. It is deeply interesting to find that his sister, Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, was a fine composer; but so blended were the brother's and sister's lives that some of her exclusive compositions were published with his and have never been traced to their originator. Women composers, such as Chaminade, Helen Hopekirk, Margaret Lang, Faustina Hasse Hodges, Frances R. Havergal, Mrs. H. H. Beach are rare because few women have had the leisure required for this exacting labor. Mendelssohn's death was largely due to the shock of his sister's death, so dependent was he on her comprehension of his genius. I have played or taken part in the rendition of his Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Wedding March, "Athalie," Concerto in G minor, Capriccio in F, Elijah, St. Paul, "Hymn of Praise," "Walpurgisnacht" and Lieder ohne Worte, and I do not know any other composer who has more thoroughly satisfied my thirst for beauty or my sense of rapture. Leaving 119 highly finished compositions as his tangible bequest to the world, the spiritual bequest of his life and character almost overshadows that of his glorious music.

In Mendelssohn's case the forces of Biography and Fiction overlap. I have elsewhere alluded to that marvelous book, "Charles Auchester" by Elizabeth Shepherd of England. Its youthful bombast may

amuse us, but only a genius could render such a tribute to genius. The character of Mendelssohn is here represented by Seraphael and from any point of view it must be called an exquisite creation, tho' it simply adds the charm of literary genius to the plain statements of the historian. Charles Auchester, himself, is no other than the world-renowned Hungarian Violinist, Joseph Joachim (like the author and the adored teacher, a Jew), who has been pronounced by competent authorities "the greatest *interpreter* of music the world has ever seen." We must know a little about his 60 years (an unbroken triumph) of successful playing before the public, of his position as Director of the great musical Hoch-Schule in Berlin, the splendor of his concert tours, his intimate friendships with Mendelssohn, Schubert, Brahms, Dvorak, his relations with Liszt and Wagner at Weimar, and his own fine creative work in the "Hungarian Concerto" and the "Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi." Then when we take up "Charles Auchester" for the 4th or 5th reading, we shall revel in following the unfolding of so rare a genius, so exquisite a personality. It must widen our mental horizon immensely to discover that a permanent element can be found in the life-work of a mere performer; that the vitality of the tradition that he may establish, resting upon a true grasp of musical organization, will be recognized centuries

later, because its "effects" come from those deep rooted causes which have to do with our being.

The music-lover in his travels finds a realm of his own choosing, a "whole world kin." The open air concerts in which the Germans, Italians and French so delight are fosterers of the right kind of democracy. I recall with keenest pleasure experiences of this kind on the Pincian at Rome, in the Kürsaal of Wiesbaden, and in the public squares of Marseilles and the Jardin of Nice. I have heard a special choir (of 400 voices) and select orchestra give the Hallelujah Chorus in St. Paul's, London; listened to the Opera on its native heath in Berlin, Paris and Marseilles, and have worshipped during the rendition of Perosi's "Missa Eucharistica" in old Santi Trinità in Florence. So that I feel empowered to speak with some authority on the value and the necessity of the love of music.

But it must be a love based upon conscious effort of some kind, whether of actual performance (which were best) or not. Perhaps dire poverty of spirit may necessitate the use of music-boxes, graphophones, pianolas, victrolas and player-pianos. I give my preference to a Jew's harp, where the presence of the human soul reminds me of my humanity and immortality. It is cause for rejoicing that in these latter days greater numbers *can* take part in musical performance than ever before. The current of mod-

ern music is changing. In 1885 an English woman, Mary Wakefield, started the Competitive Choral Movement, and this tallied in marvelous fashion with the condition (on the largest scale) in which music then found itself. For three centuries it had developed from within, such internal development being coincident with the progress of Society. It was then deflected by external, economic influences as well as by its own self-consciousness. Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner had created the orchestra; but this soon presented insuperable economic difficulties from the exactions of size, rehearsal, time, score. The remedy has been found in Choral music, the least expensive form in which music can be presented and the one affording the most intense happiness to the meekest and most deserving of the world's music-lovers. The Welsh and Northern English have brought this to such perfection that it has affected creative work everywhere. The chorus is now treated as an Orchestra by Sir Edward Elgar, Granville Bantock, Rutland Boughton, Frederick Delius and Hevergal Brian. Even Richard Strauss has felt for a new mode of expression for large bodies of singers, and Jan Sibelius of Finland has found a form for the small orchestra. My informer, Gerald Cumberland, says Delius' "On Craig Ddu," Debussy's "O Winter, Villain that thou art!" and Bantock's "The Lost Leader" contain much that is bewildering.

Structureless music, however, has the advantage over structureless poetry, for our dreams, longings, visions and ecstasies are not cadenced and rhymed, while poetic *thoughts* are immeasurably aided by poetic dress. But as this music is to be rendered by laymen, not experts, enthusiasm is bound to spread; hence one has a solid basis for believing in its supremacy in the future.

This seems to me of importance because I firmly believe music will help us to solve the problem of this life and affect our eternal future. It affords us not only an enlargement of our resources but the enrichment of our souls. If individuality is multiplied by the acquisition of a foreign language, very much more is it by a mastery of music. And if, tho' so closely associated with sacred feeling that it is hard to separate true music from this province, the pleasure derived from music has its distinctly secular side, I hardly see how we can escape the conclusion that the whole secular side of life may be sanctified and have its eternal bearings. All things are the Christian's, and there is a legitimate time for mirth, jollity and fun. It is humiliating to us all to reflect upon the large numbers of our fellow-beings who take pleasure in degrading entertainments. Sir Arthur Sullivan was a true benefactor of the race in providing rational fun coupled with engaging music of the same order. Light Opera has its mis-

sion, the Cantata its scope, just as truly as the Hymn and the Canticle.

Music corroborates the wise man's saying, that "God has set eternity in our hearts." Dean Church does not hesitate to declare that the faculty for understanding music is comparable to the faculty of knowing God, and that it is an indirect testimony to the certainty of our power to know Him. Some have faculties for knowing the phenomena of sense, others for knowing the truths of Mathematics. And still another class can enter the domain where the pleasures of sense and the truths of Mathematics are combined in a way which is absolutely incomprehensible to the mere physicist or the Mathematician. Yet the glory, the truth, the ordered perfection governed by the exactest laws, the perfection depending on the perception of infinitesimal differences, constitute a real world whose evidences are in the region of fact and history. The musician is one who *knows* laws, customs, relations linking together the sensible and the supersensible worlds. Hence the crowning meaning of music is that it is a form of Divine inspiration, affording collateral proof that God has given to man the faculty to know Him.

To live in hearts we leave
behind is not to die.
Campbell

Date Due

DEC 16 1947			
NO 4 '49			
NOV 29 '56			
DEC 10 '59			
MAY 15 '62			

ML60
.T8
Traill, Florence.
Meanings of music.

10877

ML 60
T7
Traill, Florence. 10877
AUTHOR
Meanings of music.
TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME
DEC 16 1947	Norman Morris
NO 4 '49	John Kay
NOV 29 '56	Ed Curtis
DEC 17 '56	Ed Curtis

P8-AGX-643